Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
VVhat's in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
VVithout that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. VVhat man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iu. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. VVith loues light wings did I oreperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washet with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise

Iuli. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell complement.
Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false, at louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heardst ere I was ware
My true loue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these fruite tree tops.

Iu. O sweare not by the Moone th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,